
The
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The Stones of Palestine

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Illustrated
from Photographs by
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To My Mother

Foreword

THERE are those to whom a journey into Holy Land means what it did to the Crusaders of old. There are those to whom any sort of a journey away from the comforts and conveniences of home, is no temptation. And there are those to whom the limited purse or the limited time makes the "fire-side journey" the only possible one.

Perhaps among all of these I may find a reader, and it is in the hope of bringing to him or her some of the pleasure I have found in going over these stones of Palestine, that I am sending out this little book.

De Witte Kaplan.

The Stones *of* Palestine

By DE WITTE KAPLAN

I REMEMBER hearing a lecture on Palestine, in which the speaker told of meeting two friends to whom he spoke of a contemplated trip to the Holy Land. The one looked at him pityingly.

"Better not go," he said, "if you want to keep your illusions. The dirt, the poverty, the inconvenience of the trip!" and then he added with a world of disgust in his voice: "And oh, the stones of Palestine!"

The other received his news with a look of joy.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "how fortunate you are. Think what it will mean to you just to walk over the places where Jesus has been." And then he, too, added, but his voice caressed the very words: "And oh, the stones of Palestine!"

For after all, it is only what one takes to a place that makes it for us, and truly Palestine without her associations, her wonderful traditions, and in spite of her picturesque ruggedness, is a place of much filth, and squalor, and poverty, and stones.

But when you think that you are here where the Bible began, that you are treading the ways where the miracles happened, that these very walls have echoed to the Savior's voice, then the poverty and squalor

and inconveniences of Palestine, fade away into nothing, and you are filled with wonder, with love, and with gratitude that you are among the very stones that could tell so much if they had but tongues.

Your first glimpse of these very stones, is when you waken early and find the ship has come to anchor about a mile from shore. Between you and the landing place is a jagged line of shining black rocks, and against the deep blue of the Syrian sky, you will see Jaffa — or ancient Joppa — shining in the sun.

To one of these black rocks, against which the sea beats even on calm days, Andromeda was chained as food for the dreadful dragon that was devastating the town, and here Perseus came and saved her. The natives will even show you a rusty iron ring imbedded deep, which they say is the one to which she was bound.

To these same dangerous guardians of the town, Jaffa owes her reputation of being the worst harbor in the world. To be exact, it is no harbor at all; in fact, the whole coast line is practically without indentations. Your ship rides at anchor at a safe distance, and if the seas allow — for the wind will veer in fifteen minutes, so that a landing is impossible — a swarm of great surf boats, each manned by a crew of shouting, gesticulating, red-fezzed, bag-trousered, piratical-looking boatmen, surround your ship, and down the ladder you climb into these rocking, swaying craft, and amid a queer chanting of prayers, are pulled ashore, and more than likely you are drenched to the skin as the boat shoots through the narrow opening in the rocky girdle. These boatmen are perhaps the most famous in the world, and they

deserve to be, although no matter how assured you are of their perfact ability, it is a brave heart indeed which makes the passage without a qualm, accompanied as it is by the wildly chanted Mohammedan prayers, the flying spray, the babel of strange tongues, and the crowds of fierce, dark faces.

This has been the harbor of Jaffa and probably the manner of landing ever since when from Tyre and Sidon, after its journey from the forests of Lebanon, came the cedar for the building of Solomon's Temple (II Chronicles 2:16).

"And we will cut wood out of Lebanon, as much as thou shalt need; and we will bring it to thee in flotes by sea to Joppa; and thou shalt carry it up to Jerusalem."

Here, too, Jonah (Jonah 1:3) was cast into the sea and was swallowed by the whale. And when one sees the filth and dirt of Jaffa, one does not wonder that he never returned to its shores.

For Jaffa is the weirdest, wildest, dirtiest, most crowded little town one can imagine. Men, women, donkeys and camels fill its narrow, crooked streets and its widened-out market places. They push and shove and jostle each other, cursing and yelling as they go, and everywhere red fezzes, blue bag-trousers, gayly striped burnooses, mingle, and intermingle, and flash against each other.

Here still stands, in the quarter that has been devoted to tanning for countless ages, the house of "one Simon a tanner." Upon the roof-top, St. Peter stood and saw the vision which sent him forth to preach the gospel to all men alike — the vision that brought forth the wonderful speech which was to proclaim the brotherhood of man:

"Of a truth, I perceive that God is no respecter of persons" (Acts 10:34).

Here, too, is buried Tabitha, or Dorcas, "the woman full of good works and alms deeds," whom Peter raised from the dead.

Here came Greeks and Romans, Crusaders and Saracens, a shadowy procession of greatness from Noah and Solomon, to Richard Coeur de Lion, who have left little trace and practically no change in the dirty, colorful town.

The oranges of Jaffa are as famous as her boatmen, but very much more pleasant. Wonderful groves of them surround the city, and crowds of small children gather about the traveler, urging him to buy the basketsful of golden fruit, large as muskmelons, and sweet as oranges are nowhere else.

Jaffa has nothing to keep one, in fact you are very glad to shake its mud from your shoes and climb into the sturdy little train which will carry you up to Jerusalem, the City of Cities.

And it is on this journey up, which takes a little more than three hours, that one really begins to see the stones of Palestine. Great granite ribs which loop and bend and twist out of the barren hills; huge, grotesque boulders, huddled and huddling in the valleys. It is as though one were looking at nature in the making, as though one had come upon some place fresh from the melting pot.

The way lies through the wildest, most romantic country imaginable, full of history, but a history unlike any other in the world.

Our road lay over the Plain of Sharon, scarlet with "roses," past the uninteresting little village of Yazur,



Stately camel trains with their tinkling bells

where Samson caught the three hundred foxes which he set tail to tail with a firebrand between, and let loose in the fields of the Philistines (Judges 15:4, 5). Past Lydda we went where St. George, the patron saint of England, was born, and which is the Lod of the tribe of Benjamin; past Ekron, where the Ark of God was sent from Ashdod (I Sam. 5:10). On we steamed, past Gezer, the dower of one of Solomon's wives, now nothing but a mound with one or two buildings on it and a great dome in memory of some sheik; past Zorah, perched high on a hill, where Samson was born; through a magnificent wild mountain gorge; past caves where the goat-herds live and tend their flocks, and which help us to understand the caves mentioned in the Bible as being used for hiding places. On, on, past Bitter, whose picturesque terraces stretch over the hillside, where the Jews under the brave Barcochebas made their last stand against the Romans in A. D. 136 — all tumbling little villages now, gray like the stones; on, on, past shepherds and their flocks, ragged Bedouins and stately camel trains with their tinkling bells, and so through a country unchanged and unchanging, in which you and your puffing little train are the one modern note. And so, you reach Jerusalem, the City of Cities, the "Joy of the Earth," "the City of the Great King."

Jerusalem at first sight is anything but prepossessing, but when you begin to wander about her narrow, crooked streets, outside her great battlemented walls, over her sacred places, then the present with its crowd of filthy beggars, its shrieking Arabs, its sad-eyed Jews, and footsore Russian pilgrims, seems to fall

away, and Jerusalem is once more the golden, rich as no other city in the world.

It was cold when we were there in March, bitterly cold, and we had just escaped the snow. The huge French hospice where we stopped, with its long white corridors, and its clean white rooms leading off — each with its little white bed, its one chair, its wash-stand and tiny mirror — was cruelly cold. I remember sleeping in my fur coat and shivering at that. But one cheerful thing about all this whiteness and coldness was the fact that there were electric lights. Think of it, electric lights in Jerusalem! There are names over the doors instead of numbers, and mine was "Notre Dame de bonne Nouvelle," a sweet little messagey kind of name to a wanderer.

I suppose the Temple area is where most of the tourists start their sight-seeing. I know we did, and in a pouring rain; but that did not dampen our interest in what we saw nor in the gorgeous Turkish guard, armed to the teeth, who formed our escort besides the faithful Solomon, our dragoman.

The way lies through narrow, tortuous streets — Christian street, where the Christians live; the Mohammedan quarter, the Jewish streets — all filled with the strangest crowds, Arabs, Turks, Jews and Christians, and everywhere Russian pilgrims, American tourists, and donkeys.

The Temple itself has disappeared. Not one stone has been left "standing upon another," according to the prophecy. The very site has been disputed. But this great Area, these courts and massive walls are here today, without the splendor, it is true, of Solomon's or Herod's time, but with a little imagination

— and one must not travel in the Holy Land without imagination — you can rebuild it for your mind's eye to see.

The center of it all is Mt. Moriah, originally a bare, rocky hill, around which great arches were built to hold up the pavement which made its sides level with its rock-cut platform, and held the terraces by which it was approached, and which led into each other up broad flights of steps.

These terraces were the Courts of the Temple. The lowest, open to both Jew and Gentile, was called the Court of the Gentiles. This led up to the Court of the Israelites, and no Gentile, under pain of death, was allowed to pass into it. Part of it was walled off and known as the Court of the Women. More steps led up to the Court of the Priests where the Altar of Burnt Offering stood in the open air.

The form of the Temple itself, consisting as it did of three parts, the portico, the Holy Place, and the Holy of Holies, Solomon probably copied from the Egyptian temples, which always consisted of a Hall of Columns, a Sanctuary, and a Holy of Holies. In fact, some of the Christian churches today follow the same plan in the nave, the choir or chancel, and the sanctuary which is within the altar rails. This form of sacred building was symbolic to the Egyptian priests and the Jewish rabbis alike, of the Church of God on Earth, in Paradise, and in Heaven.

All the wonders and beauties of the place were completely destroyed by the Romans in A. D. 70, and for more than half a century the Temple Area lay in ruins. Then Hadrian built a temple to Jupiter here and in it put an equestrian statue of himself. Then

came the Christian emperors, who destroyed all this again, and in the sixth century Justinian built a magnificent cathedral at the southern end and dedicated it to the Blessed Virgin Mary — and today it stands as a Moslem mosque!

One walks through the narrow street of David and turning to the north goes through the dark covered **Suk-el-Kottonin** — the bazaar of the cotton merchants, which has been deserted now for three hundred years.

Then, after going through the **Bab-el-Kottonin,** we find ourselves in a great, open, grass-grown place — a place silent now and deserted, but echoing to what wonderful memories, to songs of praise, and clash of arms; to Jewish rites and Roman worship; to Moslem shout and the battlecry of the Crusaders, and even to the voices of the Savior himself and his disciples.

On the very summit of Mt. Moriah, in the place where Abraham brought Isaac for the sacrifice, where once stood the Altar of Burnt Offering, the Mohammedans have built their wonderful Mosque of Omar, the Dome of the Rock, and as you enter through the ancient gate the beautiful bubble-like dome, a glorious, shimmering blue thing, rises before you. It is reached by a broad flight of steps, which occupy the very site of the Holy of Holies, and which are built of the foundation stones of the Temple itself. On either side of the approach are huge cypresses, black against the sky, framing the lovely picture, one of the loveliest in the world.

The cypresses are "not very old," our dragoman told us, "only from time of Crusaders." And in Jerusalem, older than our religion itself, this seems but yesterday.

Inside, the Mosque is a marvel of beauty, stained glass windows like jewels, brought from Persia, wonderful gold and blue mosaics, with their Kufic inscriptions glittering against a band of blue, and under your feet — or, at least, under those monstrous slippers you are obliged to put on so as not to pollute the sanctity of this Moslem place of worship by the touch of your Christian feet — lie priceless rugs from Bokhara.

The rock itself, that curious bit of primeval nature, sacred alike to three religions, is about sixty feet long and is raised above the pavement some five feet. It is surrounded by a carved wooden railing, and one must stand on tiptoe in order to see it. This was the threshing place of Araunah the Jebusite, which David bought for "fifty shekels of silver" to biuld an altar for sacrifices (II Sam. 24:16-25).

The dignified old Moslem priest who shows you about, will tell you how, when Mohammed went to Heaven, the rock tried to follow him, but the Angel Gabriel put his finger on it and stopped it. You will even be shown the angelic finger prints, which, however, I'm afraid the Bertillon system would find of little service, as they are simply deep, round dents in the rock.

We went under the rock, into what is called the Noble Cave, a tiny, whitewashed room which is supposed to be the sink into which the blood of the sacrificial victims drained through a great hole in the rock itself, and where a round dent in the roof marks the place made by Mohammed's head while he stood at prayer.

The old priest who led us about, stamped on the

block of marble under our feet to show there was a cavity beneath, but no amount of bakhsheesh will induce him to allow explorations. In fact, while we were there a party of English explorers had to leave in haste, as they were suspected of digging under the mosque through an ancient well or cistern.

We were also led with much dignity to a small square stone set in the pavement near the north entrance, in which were several holes, some of which had gold nails in them. After we had thrown a few coins by way of bakhsheesh on the stones, the priest told us there were three and one-half nails in it; that once there had been seventeen. The others had vanished, and when these remaining ones disappear the end of the world will come.

Near the east entrance, called the Gate of the Chain, is a tiny dome, the " Dome of the Chain." It is almost the counterpart of the great " Dome of the Rock," only about one-third as large, and was probably erected by the Arab architects as a model of the larger building. Hanging from its ceiling is a rusty bit of chain which gives it its name; but the dragoman will tell you that King David held his court here, and that the prisoners were made to hold onto this chain — it was very long then — and swear to the truth of what they said. If they lied, one link used to drop off. There is very little left today.

In the southern part of the Temple Area stands the beautiful Mosque of El-Aksa. This was the great cathedral built by Justinian and dedicated to the Virgin Mary, but when Jerusalem was conquered, the Khalif Omar changed it into a Moslem place of worship. Here is that lovely pulpit given by Saladin when

he wrested Jerusalem from the Crusaders — a thing of exquisite beauty, with its wonderful carving, its intricate ivory and mother-of-pearl inlay, and its delicate enamel canopy.

Here also stand those two columns, so close together that to be able to pass between them was a sign that one was ready for Paradise. When I saw them, there was a chain stretched across the space; the explanation being that a fat Moslem, secure in his sanctity, had attempted to pass through and stuck. So now the authorities prefer to have their devout subjects wait until the proper time to find out if they are fit for the glories to come.

During the Middle Ages the building was identified with the Temple of Solomon, and those of the Crusaders who congregated within its walls came to be known as Knights Templar.

Under the southeast corner of the Haram — as the Temple Area is called — lie those vast subterranean vaults and arches built to support the Temple platform, and known as Solomon's Stables. They are really not stables, although they may have been used as such, and after you have picked your way along their echoing passages and have been shown a curious little chamber which the Moslems call the cradle of Jesus, you are glad to leave the damp and mold of centuries and come out again into the air.

You walk along a bit of the south wall and look out over the Valley of Jehoshaphat, the Valley of the Kedron, across to the Mount of Olives, and you picture to yourself the Crusaders and the Moslems fighting those long and bloody wars of the Cross; you see the helmets and the battle axes, the scimiters and

spears flashing in the sunlight, and then you are brought back to the present by the soft drawl of your dragoman's voice as he points out a horizontal column which projects from the outer side of the wall.

"That Mohammed throne," he says. "He sit there on the Day of Judgment." Poor Mohammed, he won't be very comfortable.

The Golden Gate, the gate through which our Lord passed in triumphal procession on his way from Bethany that long ago Palm Sunday, is walled up on the outside, for the Moslem has a tradition that when it shall be opened, the Messiah will ride through again and Islam shall fall. But here on the side of the Temple Area it is open and sometimes it is possible to get through the iron gates and see the ancient architecture. We were fortunate enough to be able to see it, but the interest lies more in what it represents than in what it is, so the visitor need not feel too deeply disappointed at not being able to get inside.

If anyone tells you Jerusalem isn't worth seeing, don't believe him; but if anyone wants to come here to straighten out his faith, say "No!" Because it doesn't help that at all, especially in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre ,which is such a strange and curious collection of "Holy Places" brought together conveniently under one roof.

One reaches the Church through Christian Street and comes out into a small open court where sit the sellers of rosaries of mother-of-pearl and olive wood, rude crosses and crucifixes which they thrust under your nose and are furious unless you buy. Battered Jews, women from Bethlehem, Greeks and Armenians, all shouting, gesticulating, bargaining, till one thinks

again of the money-changers in the Temple. There are two doorways, one is blocked up, and a flight of stairs near it leads up to the Chapel of the Agony, which was the cause of one of those periodical fights between the Latin and the Greek monks. The whole church is divided among the Latins, the Greeks, the Armenians and the Copts, each sect having its especial property and no one may overstep his bounds as far as his worship goes.

On the pavement at your feet is the tombstone of Philip d'Aubigné, one of the Crusaders, and just west of the doorway, stands the bell tower.

Not a very imposing façade and most of it comparatively modern, for the church was practically rebuilt in 1810, fire and sword having repeatedly devastated it; but in general, it follows the lines of those churches and chapels — for it is really a collection — built by Constantine in honor of the sacred place. Just inside the entrance is a divan on which sits a fat Moslem custodian, who opens and shuts the doors and lets in pilgrims out of hours, for bakhsheesh. The office is hereditary in one of the Arab families who live in Jerusalem, and they used to exact a tax, I believe, from every visiting Christian.

In front of the entrance is the stone of Unction, on which the body of Christ was supposed to have been laid when it was taken down from the cross (John 19:38-40). But as it has been changed no less than four times and the last time no longer ago than 1810, you can't feel very deeply impressed, although we watched the devout Russian pilgrims kneel and kiss it fervently.

Near here is the spot where the women stood when Jesus was laid in the tomb.

"And Mary Magdalene and Mary, the Mother of Jesus, beheld where He was laid!" (Mark 15:47).

Beyond, in the center of the Rotunda, upon a slightly raised platform, stands the chapel of the Holy Sepulchre itself. Down to the time of the twelfth century it was circular in form, and contained only the Tomb; but this was changed by the Crusaders, who also added the Chapel of the Angel.

The present Chapel, a curious little kiosk-like affair, was built in 1810. On either side of the low entrance stand tall candelabra and here Oriental Christians remove their shoes. We stooped and, entering, found ourselves in a tiny chamber with fifteen perpetually burning lamps hanging from the ceiling, and round holes in the walls. This is the Chapel of the Angel, and in its center is a fragment of the stone which, according to Matthew 27:60, closed the mouth of the Sepulchre. Through the round holes is given out the "Holy Fire" on the Greek Easter.

In the west wall is a narrow, low door, which leads into the Tomb itself. It is only large enough for four people to kneel at once, and so one waits one's turn in a crowd of Russian pilgrims, Armenian peasants, Italians and Americans, for here is the very center of the faith itself, and no matter what rude jostlings one's belief may have had, one cannot but feel some awe when one stands in the little marble room. Forty-three silver lamps are kept burning here always. The Greeks, the Latins and the Armenians each own thirteen of these, while the remaining four belong to the Copts.

Here one stops and gazes at the devotion of the pilgrim, stops and gazes at his loving kiss laid on the stone, his earnest tears, his abandon of grief and love, as he throws himself upon the tomb, and one cannot help but be stirred.

You are led from one sacred site to another, with only a few feet separating them. You look one moment on the tombs of Nicodemus and of Joseph of Arimathea, and have but to walk a few steps to find yourself standing on the spot — marked by two marble circles in the pavement — where Jesus and Mary Magdalene met after the resurrection (John 20:14-16), and then you turn about and find yourself in the Chapel of the Apparition, built over the place where the risen Christ appeared to His Mother. You can touch with a stick, which the custodian hands you, the Column of Scourging, which is preserved behind a lattice, and then you turn again and stand beneath the dome of the lavishly decorated Greek Cathedral, which is said to be built above the garden of Joseph of Arimathea, and marks the center of the world. You are shown the Footprints of Jesus and the Stocks which held His Feet; the prison where He lay while the cross was being prepared; the Chapel of Longinus, the soldier who pierced His side (John 19:34) and repented here, the Chair of St. Helena and the Chapel of the Invention of the Cross, where the three crosses were said to have been found.

The Empress Helena, the mother of the great Constantine, having dreamed a dream, search was made and not one, but three crosses were found. Here was a dilemma, and to settle it the three were carried to the bedside of a woman who lay very ill. When the

first cross touched her she fell into violent convulsions; the second was tried, but her agonies only increased. The third was brought, and lo! her illness left her, she rose from her bed, whole — and they knew that the True Cross had been found.

Chapels and more chapels, the Chapel of the Crowning with Thorns, the Chapel of the Raising of the Cross, where beneath the altar you are shown a hole, silver-lined, which held the Cross. Near this are the marks on the pavement where stood those of the two thieves. Then comes the Chapel marking the spot where Christ was nailed to the Cross; the one where His body was received by Mary; the Chapel of the Agony; and the Altar of Adam, where one can see through a grating the Cleft in the Rock. Near here, according to tradition, Adam was buried on Golgotha and Christ's blood, flowing down through this cleft in the rock, fell upon the skull of the first man and raised him to life. This is supposed to be the origin of placing a skull beneath the feet of the Christ on the Crucifix.

You are rushed about among these Holy Places at such a breathless pace; at least they follow so closely upon one another that you scarcely have time to adjust your mental equilibrium, and when one has thought of the beautiful meeting of Jesus and Mary in the Garden in the quiet dawn and is suddenly brought face to face with two marble circles and told this is where it happened, when your mind has been filled with the awful tragedy of Calvary and you find a gold and silver-hung altar marking the spot, especially when you find that each and every one of these sacred places is owned by a different sect, and that they all are at war over the Prince of Peace, it needs some

mental adjusting, some brushing away of cobwebs, to let you realize that in spite of all the superstition and invention that is gathered together under the roofs of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, still it is enough just to be here, and to know that stripped of all the tawdriness, the fact still remains that here the Word was made Flesh and walked among the people.

And the way He walked on that far-away Friday, the way that has been gone over with tears and with blood so many, many times, both literally and figuratively, one can trace today from its sad beginning to its tragic end. For in the East nothing really changes, unless some pious-minded person builds a church over the place, thus altering its character. But otherwise, streets — though perhaps the level is higher — people, dress, and customs, are the same today as when Jesus walked in the sunshine.

So it was with a feeling of more reverence than we had felt in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, that we made our way through the Via Dolorosa, "the Way of Sorrows," along whose twisting length are marked by marble tablets the Fourteen Stations of the Cross.

The Ecce Homo Arch spans the way, and a little further on we went into the Convent of the Sisters of Zion, a lovely French convent charmingly neat, where they have an orphan asylum. Here we were shown the original pavement some few feet lower than the present level, and still bearing the marks made by the Roman soldiers for their games. The nuns firmly believe this to be the "Gabbatha" of the Bible (John 19:13), and over it, carefully including

the continuation of the arch itself, the convent is built. There is no doubt that it was through this arch Jesus came when Pilate said, "Behold the Man!"

The Church of St. Anne came next and we were taken into a cave, where the Mother of the Virgin was supposed to have lived — "supposed," as almost everything is in Jerusalem!

In the courtyard we elbowed our way through crowds of dirty Russian pilgrims and going down some very slippery steps found the Pool of Bethesda (John 5:2-8). It is covered over now and dark and slimy and difficult to imagine crowded with the lame, the halt and the blind; although the lame, the halt and the blind are everywhere in Jerusalem.

Further along, the spot where Veronica wiped the Saviour's face, and where her handkerchief received the miraculous imprint, is marked by a tiny chapel, where a quiet nun shows you a copy of the sacred handkerchief, the real one being in Rome.

And then our way goes on down hill, till we come to the Damascus Gate, that by some authorities is believed to be the Gate through which Jesus came with the Cross, for just outside, you find a queer-looking mound which, by a little drawing on the imagination, can be made to resemble a skull — the eye socket, the nose cavity, the cheek bones, all are distinct — and a great fissure in the rock runs from top to bottom, a rent made by an earthquake shock. There are those who believe that this is the true Calvary and cite many passages to prove it.

In a tiny garden, just under the shadow of this "place of a skull," is what is known as the "Garden Tomb." It is very simple — no gold and tinsel orna-

ments surround it with pomp and ceremony, no offerings, save the field flowers growing about its threshold, no music, but the occasional whistle of a bird — and yet the little rock-cut tomb seemed more real to us, more pathetic by very reason of its simplicity, than the other, hung and garnished and set in a " dim religious light." The hill, too, is the traditional Jewish place of execution, which makes it seem probable that this is the tomb. However, there is so much conjecture and wrangling, that you toss it all aside and simply know that things were.

We went to see the Jews' wailing place, down through dirty steep streets filled with beggars and the dirtiest Jews, with lank curls swinging over each ear and some wearing little round embroidered velvet caps.

The wall is composed of huge moss-grown blocks, and in between some of the lower ones, many nails are driven. For some unaccountable reason every pious Jew who makes the pilgrimage, drives in a nail and the rain has sent tiny streams of rust trickling down the stones like tears of blood.

There were two or three Jews there, praying, but on Fridays and Saturdays they come in great numbers. One woman beat her breast and kissed the slimy stones while tears rolled down her cheeks. I believe they chant the Lamentations of Jeremiah and the 79th and 102d Psalms, and the sight cannot help but stir you, for their misery is very real.

What a tragedy! This remnant of a once powerful people weeping and wailing over their lost inheritance! For by a strange twist of fortune they are as

rigorously excluded from the Temple Area as they themselves once excluded the Gentiles.

We went into the Church of St. James, and saw the wonderful Persian tiles and the doors all made of tortoise shell and mother-of-pearl, and the handsome chair of inlaid ivory and carved wood which is supposed to have belonged to the Apostle, and the queer old bell that calls to worship the brothers from the Armenian monastery nearby.

Further along is the Jaffa Gate, and just inside that noisy, narrow and crowded entrance to the city are the shops, fascinating places filled with wonderful embroideries, mother-of-pearl carvings and beads made in Bethlehem, olive wood curios and glass bracelets from Hebron, queer silver jewelry made by the Yemenite Jews, and marvelous rugs from all sorts of queer places.

The Jaffa Gate itself is a wonderful picture of Eastern life, for between its close-set walls, flows a constant stream of jostling men, women, children, camels, donkeys and horses — a noisy, kaleidoscopic mass of changing color. Next to the gate the German Emperor had an opening made in the wall to let his escort pass on the occasion of his last visit; and this, the only break in the city walls, somewhat relieves the congestion. But still the Jaffa Gate is the most used of all the gates, and here, or just outside it, are situated the hotels and tourist offices, that make it at all possible for strangers to visit the Golden City.

We took donkeys and rode around the walls. Just outside was the massive masonry of David's Tower, and under our feet, the road the Wise Men traveled on their way to Bethlehem after they had searched

Jerusalem for the King of the Jews. A little beyond the Jaffa Gate lies the Valley of Hinnom, through the center of which ran the border line between the tribes of Judah and Benjamin (Josh. 15:8, 18:16). To the north of us lay Mt. Zion and Ophel; to the south, the Jebel Abes Tor, or Hill of Evil Council, where Judas was supposed to have spoken with the Chief Priests concerning the betrayal of Jesus, and a little further on was the place where the wretched creature hanged himself.

Over stones and more stones our donkeys scrambled, past the Tomb of David, which the Mohammedans say is the Tomb of the Kings of Judah, but which they jealously guard against all excavations. In one of its rooms, a curious vaulted place called the Coenaculum, or upper chamber, they told us the Last Supper was held, and that the Descent of the Holy Ghost took place here on the Day of Pentecost. The stones upon which the disciples sat while the Lord washed their feet, were shown to us, but as the room is probably a part of a mediaeval church and goes back no further than the fourteenth century, the relics were looked at and passed by. But we knew that though some of these were not the real sites, somewhere near here are stones where the disciples did sit, somewhere among the myriad, are stones upon which the Blessed Feet trod, and so we were content.

Beyond this is the House of Caiaphus, and here we saw the place where Peter stood when he denied Christ, and even the spot where the cock crew! Verily, one can see everything one asks for in Palestine!

The sky was a blaze of turquoise, the ancient olive trees gray as the gray, gray stones over which our

donkeys picked their way. Here lay the carcass of a dead camel which the people had thrown over the walls, and there the empty ribs of a donkey, with the black crows perched on them.

The road lay past Tophet, that place that had once been the music garden of the king, and where afterwards the drums were supposed to have been beaten to drown the cries of the children passing through the fire to Molech (II Kings 23:10). It lies in the lowest part of the valley, and later the pious Jewish kings, after having overthrown the idols and done away with the sacrifices to Baal and Molech, used it as a dumping place for the city's refuse, and kept perpetual fires burning to destroy the offal, and it became known as Gehenna — the type of hell, according to Mark 9:43 "to go into hell, into the fire that never shall be quenched."

On we went, past the Valley of Jehoshaphat (anciently called the Valley of the Kedron, where are the tombs of those Moslems and Jews who expect that here the Last Judgment will take place), past the Pool of Siloam, where we went down the dripping steps and found the peasant women dressed as Ruth, as Miriam, as Rebecca, even as the Virgin Mary must have dressed — washing onions. Ragged and crumbling and gray, the venerable ruin looks out on the desolation about it, with its "waters going softly" (Isaiah 8:6) into the little green spot which was once the Royal Paradise. Do the murmuring waters tell of the days when the Levite was sent to them to fill the golden pitcher on the last day of the Feast of the Tabernacle? Do they whisper how it was at them Jesus pointed, when He stood in the Temple

and said: "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink"? and do they remember how He sent the blind man to their banks to wash off the clay? (John 9:7).

The little village of Siloam, once a favorite place of Solomon's, now a leper village, lies just beyond, and further, with the sun beating full upon it, Job's Well marks the joining of the Valley of Hinnom and the Valley of Jehoshaphat, where was that stone of "Zoheleth which is by En-rogel" (I Kings 1:9), where Adonijah called his followers to proclaim him successor to his father, David.

Stepping, stumbling, tripping over stones and more stones, in the very bed of the "Brook Kedron," we went on past a tree with a ring of these gray boulders surrounding it, where Isaiah was sawn asunder, according to Rabbinical tradition, past Absalom's Tomb which the pious Jews throw stones at in passing today, as they have done down through the ages, past the Golden Gate, with its closed doors waiting for the second coming of Christ; out along the road to Bethany, over which David fled away from Jerusalem at the time of that rebellion of Absalom which has been the cause of the stoning of his tomb ever since — the road whose stones have kissed the feet of Jesus as He walked with His disciples on the way to see Mary and Martha and Lazarus, and the road over which the disciples returned to Jerusalem after the Ascension. How near and real it all seemed, there with the sun shining on the gray green of the olive trees, and the roofs of Jerusalem, our little party the only note of change.

When we came to Gethsemane — a beautiful garden

cultivated by the Franciscan monks — and walked around its charming pathways, with the fourteen stations of the Cross set along them at intervals — when we stopped to look at the eight huge, gnarled, gray old olive trees, that seem to writhe with the anguish of the memory of that bitter hour, the Bible seemed more real to us than it ever had before. Close by, is the Grotto of the Agony, and a little further on, where the road turns and the gold domes of the Russian Church on Mt. Olivet flash in the sun, we came to the Virgin's Tomb, where we were shown her sarcophagus as well as that of Joseph and of her parents, and where we saw for the first time, close to, the pitiful, horrible lepers who sit here in the road and along the marble steps and beg for bakhsheesh. Hairless, noseless, some with eyeless sockets and some with stumps of hands or feet, they sit all day in their terrible rags, whining and wailing for bakhsheesh and still more bakhsheesh.

We climbed the road over which Jesus came into the city, and where He stood and lamented over Jerusalem. On up we went to the Russian Church at the top, whose gilded domes we had been looking at all the way from the Garden of Gethsemane.

The view out over the city is magnificent, for the Mount of Olives stands about three hundred feet higher, and about two thousand feet above the Mediterranean, which we could see, a shimmering blue on the horizon. Eastward, the Valley drops four thousand feet, and we looked out over the bleak Wilderness of Judea, with the Dead Sea in the distance, and beyond, faint against the sky, the mountains of Boab.

Near the Church of the Ascension, a bare, barren

little Chapel holding nothing but a single stone, where they pointed out the imprint made by Christ's foot as He ascended, they showed us the stone surrounded by an iron railing — from which He mounted the ass on which He rode into Jerusalem crowned King of the Jews.

Beyond is the Church of the Creed, where the Creed is supposed to have been drawn up by the Apostles, and not far beyond is the Church of the Pater Noster, where Jesus is supposed to have taught the Lord's Prayer to His disciples. Erroneous, of course, as it was first taught in the Sermon on the Mount, on the shores of Lake Galilee. These are the chaff we must sift from among the wheat in Palestine.

However, this is a very handsome building, about thirty years old. It was built by the Princess Lateur d'Auvergne and a life-size marble statue of her is inside. All along the cloister-like corridors are huge slabs upon which is written the Lord's Prayer in thirty-two languages.

Beyond here, the road leads up to Jerusalem past St. Stephen's Gate, where he was supposed to have been stoned, past Herod's Gate, and Solomon's Quarries, to the Damascus Gate, where the camels wait, on past the New Gate, and so to the French hospice where we were stopping, whose white, clean walls stand opposite.

I remember being awakened one morning early by a curious chanting, accompanied by the thud of many feet. Rising quickly, I climbed up onto the sill of my tiny window, which, by the way, was on a level with my chin and too deeply set in the wall for me to see out of without climbing up. The sun was just

rising and the grayness of the walls had not as yet been touched with life. Up the road, chanting a prayer, came a double file of pilgrims, footsore and weary, the women, as well as the men, wearing coarse bloomer-like trousers tucked into heavy boots, and the skirted blouse we have learned to call Russian. Over their shoulders they carried their small belongings done up in red handkerchiefs, the one spot of color in the somber apparel.

It gave me a curious little thrill — the sound of these rough voices chanting in monotone, the thud of the weary feet which had walked most of the weary miles, the simple faith it all expressed of these poor peasants who had probably saved a lifetime to be able to press their lips if only once, to the Holy Tomb, to crawl upon their knees over the stones our Lord had walked upon — and we of the West were discontented because of chaff among the wheat.

One day at noon, we piled into carriages. But such carriages! Ramshackle, rickety-wheeled, tattered and torn, each drawn by three horses, spavined, limping, blind and halt, and each driven by a brigand who shouted wildly in demoniac language and cracked his whip till we cowered against what had once been cushions, expecting every second to feel the lash that but circled in the air. We had determined to see Jericho and the Dead Sea, and see them we would, so we gritted our teeth and prepared for the worst.

Such a wonderful ride as it is down to Jericho — literally **down** to Jericho — down, down, down, over the most wild and perilous roads, with that dreadful wilderness about us in which Jesus spent forty days. A wilderness whose desolation is beyond anything

we had ever imagined — no habitation of any kind, and only occasionally, a lonely shepherd silhouetted against the sky, like an illustration for the Twenty-third Psalm. Not a sign of a dwelling place till we came to the Inn of the Good Samaritan, a curious, square building, with its courtyard filled with camels, Bedouins, horses, tourists, donkeys and small children, to say nothing of the goats and chickens, while above on the hill, and one with the grayness of the rocks and sand, we could see the ruins of that other Inn or Khan which Jesus probably had in mind when he told the parable.

We drove into the noisy courtyard to rest our horses, and incidentally stretch our bones, for although we had not come very far, the springs of our equipages had long been springs in name only. While we rested, we amused ourselves looking at, and buying, the curios the innkeeper showed us; queer Bedouin bridal necklaces made of amber and cloves, glass hands of God, and sacred eyes, camphor and myrrh, camel-bells and Arab head-dresses, shepherd's pipes and Turkish candy, a strange jumble that attracted our curiosity and occasionally a coin from our purses.

And then on again, for we were told we must not be out on these roads after dark, and besides it needed no very vivid imagination to picture the man "fallen among thieves," as we spun rocking on our way. Occasionally, we passed camel trains, their bells tinkling drowsily — occasionally Bedouins, stately, handsome and dirty, stalked by on great horses — but mostly we were alone with the rocks, the eternal rocks, and the sky. No trees, no flowers, no dwelling-places, nothing but stones, stones, stones!

The roadway is so narrow and winding that our hearts were in our mouths most of the time. Our horses raced, however, regardless of hill or hollow, and our shouting drivers were deaf to all entreaties. On one side, the ground dropped sheer away several hundreds of feet, into a deep ravine, wild, rocky, and magnificently picturesque, at the bottom of which foamed the "Brook Cherith." On the almost perpendicular wall of the cliff facing us, clung the Greek Monastery of Elias, or Elijah, for this is the ravine in which Elijah hid from Ahab and where he was fed by the ravens (I Kings 17:5, 6). Surely nothing other than ravens could have reached him in the bottom of that awful gulch, although I believe there is a theory now that there were tribes of wanderers who lived hereabouts, calling themselves by such names as the Ravens, the Wolves, etc., and that it may have been some of these who came to the rescue of the prophet.

On, on we went, clinging to each other in mingled terror and admiration, and then, after riding twenty-one miles, suddenly as the sun was beginning to set, there flashed upon our tired eyes a wonderful vision of the Promised Land as Moses must have seen it.

All about us were the gray, forbidding hills, and far away on the horizon, a marvelous pink and lavender, shone the slopes of Mt. Pisgah, on which the great Law-giver stood and took his only look before he died, over the valley, lying at his feet like a wonderful green jewel, with the Jordan flashing through it, and the still, deep glimmer of the Dead Sea in the distance.

There was a new moon, and we rode into Jericho by



The tottering hovels that are modern Jericho

its light, a soft, silvery light that made the straggling little streets seem less squalid, the tottering hovels that are modern Jericho, less tottering and ramshackle, and cast a mysterious glamour over all its wretchedness. We stopped at a fairly good little inn, clean and comfortable, and although there was nothing wonderful to eat, tired and hungry as we were, we gratefully accepted the goods the gods gave and tumbled into our beds. We intended rising the next morning before the sun, so as to be able to see the Dead Sea and yet reach Jerusalem by night, and so we would no doubt have slept the sleep of the just, regardless of the damp sheets and the knowledge that they had probably been used before, had it not been for the incessant barking of the house-dogs and the answering yaps of the marauding jackals.

However, at four the next morning, we rose, dressed, had breakfast by starlight, and started forth. It was a most mysterious Jericho that we rode through, silent, save for the jingle of our horses' bells; and over its dirt and poverty, glimmered a weird blue light, such as only the East knows. As we came out onto the plain, the faintest primrose began to show along the horizon, and then as we rode along, we saw the glory of dawn slowly coming up over the Promised Land.

For this was the Promised Land we were riding through; down, down, down, wilder and wilder, nothing of life but one or two camel trains, or some wandering Arabs who ran after our carriage for a little distance wailing, "bakhsheesh!" Wilder, and more lonely and barren, and then suddenly some bushes and vegetation, and at a sharp turn we splashed through

the "Brook Cherith," and a little further on, our swearing, shouting, wild-eyed coachman pulled the panting horses back on their haunches, and we stepped down where the Jordan ran swift and deep between its banks, over which the trees and bushes hung lovingly.

And as we stood here on the traditional spot where the Israelites crossed — where John baptized the Saviour, the sun suddenly leaped up, and the day was!

It was a sight we none of us will ever forget!

There is a small pavilion built here where hundreds of Russian pilgrims are baptized annually, and the waters run, swift and clear, past its tiny threshold. After we had walked about and some of us had taken photographs and some of us had filled bottles — little flat bottles sold for the purpose — with Jordan water (which, by the way, should be boiled before it is carried to America, or wherever its destination is to be, otherwise its odor is apt to be so unpleasant as to necessitate throwing it away), after we had done all these things, except boil the water, we started on again.

The country grew wilder and more curious as we went on down to this lowest place on the earth's surface, wilder and more weird, twisting and heaping itself into grotesque mounds, startling hummocks, beetling cliffs; earth fresh from the crucible, cooled in the shapes it was tossed up in. We could almost believe it to be still boiling, it looked so bubbly!

Down, down, down, with the wonderful pink light on the hills around, and the blue level of the Dead Sea ahead of us. Such a sunrise, pale primrose, then pink, then gold, splendid and glittering, and then the



Where the Jordan ran swift and deep

glory of the sun over that weird plain, and the dull, motionless blue of the dead waters!

We wandered along the shore and picked up bits of amber, we dipped our fingers in the oily, bitter waters, but we saw nothing alive excepting ourselves. They told us here were Sodom and Gomorrah, and as we turned and left the dreary waste, they showed us Lot's Wife, a queer, misshapen lump of clay (perhaps it was salty clay), standing staring back over the desolation, the utter nothingness, where were once those mighty "cities of the Plain."

Beyond the Jordan we passed the site of Gilgal, where the Israelites made their first camp on the west of the river, and where they set up the twelve stones they had taken from the stream. Here, too, they kept their first Passover.

We drove back through ancient Jericho, for there are really three Jerichos, the Jericho of Joshua's time, the Jericho of Herod, and the dirty, straggling little place that goes by the name today. We got out and stood on the remains of those walls which fell flat when the trumpets were blown, and tried hard to imagine that here once stood a city of enough importance to worry Joshua and his army. Then once more trusting ourselves to those descendants of Jehu who held our horses, we went passed ragged Arabs and raggeder donkeys and camels, back to the inn for lunch, such as it was — oranges and Cross and Blackwell's Chow Chow! Of course there was bread, horrible soggy stuff baked in camel's dung, and rice cooked in mutton tallow, so we preferred the other, simpler menu. Then we sped on again, for we had to reach Jerusalem, twenty-one miles away, by night!

The road climbed up past Elisha's fountain, where he healed the bitter waters, and which is in use today, and the dogs and cats, the cows and the children were drinking out of it, or lying along its sunny banks. On it goes, past the Inn of the Good Samaritan again, and into Bethany, a squalid little village at the eastern foot of the Mt. of Olives, where the beggars gathered around the carriage, and where we were too tired to get out and look at the Tomb of Lazarus, or the houses of Mary and Martha and Simon the Leper, being wearily content to take the dragoman's word that they were still there.

And so rambling, stumbling, pitching and swaying over those frightful roads, on, on we went to the Golden City, and no pilgrims of old ever longed for a sight of it as we did that night. Wearying, boneracking, difficult as the trip is, I am sure none of us would have cared to miss it, though whether we would take it again is another question.

The next morning,—oh, the energy one has when traveling! — we went down to Bethlehem, down over the road the Wise Men traveled. Did they pass camel trains laden with stones as we did? Did they stop and salute with the gracious Oriental salaam, the ragged Bedouins who drove them? Did they look back toward Jerusalem, where they had searched in vain for the King of the Jews, as they rode away from the gates between fields of olive trees against the rugged hills? For that is what we saw, and when we came to those three small stone wells standing by the roadside, where they stopped to rest, and looking down, beheld the Star still going before them, we



The market place in Bethlehem

too, got out and leaned against the crumbling ledges and gazed into the silent depths.

Who can travel over that stony, rut-filled road to Bethlehem and not remember the young Maid, so near her hour, traveling over the same way? Who so devoid of imagination that he cannot picture the patient, suffering little figure drooping in the saddle, and the anxious face of the rugged man who walked beside her?

As we bump along over the road today, past the stone where Elijah rested in his flight from Horeb,— just here is built the great monastery of Mar Elias — perhaps we may smile at the tradition which says that the deep impression in this stone was made by the prophet's weary body; but if we stop to think what that story may have meant to the Wayfarers, the promise it seemed to hold out to them, that somewhere was a place to rest in their flight, one's smiles grow fainter. Then as we look up, we see, as they saw, the towers of Bethlehem shining high on the hill, and far away on the horizon, the cone-like mass of Frank mountain where Mary could see Herod's castle on its summit gleaming in the setting sun, but Herod's castle today is one with the dust. And as we gaze at the towers of the little town, we almost sigh with the relief that must have come to them after their journey, for Bethlehem is very near. A little turn in the road, and Rachel's Tomb gleams white against the far green of the hills and the gray of the surrounding stones,— Rachel's Tomb that perhaps filled the poor little Maid's heart with fear, for Rachel's life was given for her youngest born and best beloved, and Mary, who was of her blood, may have wondered if when she

went down into the Valley of the Shadow, she, too, would be called upon to stay.

Just beyond are the ancient gates, and so bumping and jolting over perhaps the same stones that rolled beneath their donkey's feet, we ride into Bethlehem, quaint, picturesque, unchanged little town of Bethlehem.

In among perhaps as motley a crowd as they did, we threaded our way through the narrow, crooked streets. Camels, donkeys, men, women and children were everywhere, and everywhere we seemed to see the haunting eyes of the little Maid and of her husband, Joseph, searching for a quiet room, as they did in that December twilight so many centuries ago. Joseph perhaps thought as we did, how here Boaz was born, and the shepherd David, thought of this as the birthplace of his fathers; but Mary, suffering Mary, thought only that here was to be born the great King.

In the humble grotto where they rested, where the young Child lay and smiled up into the adoring eyes of the Wise Men who came following the miraculous Star, Constantine built a great church three hundred and thirty years after that first Christmas day, and to this we made our way as soon as we could find it, for our coachman dropped us in the market place. There is little doubt that here is the site of that inn or khan where the Wanderers rested. It has been a Christian place of worship uninterrupted by Moslem inroads since the day it was built, making it the oldest church in Christendom.

The door of the church is so low, we had to stoop to get in,— this in order that an army or mob may not enter, so much bitter war goes on between the

rival sects that own it. In fact there are Turkish soldiers guarding it inside and out.

The Grotto of the Manger is down some steps, so dark we had to carry tapers. Inside, it is dimly lit by costly gold and silver lamps hanging about the altar, and in the floor is a great silver star with the inscription:

"Hic de Virgine Maria, Jesus Christus natus est," (Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary.)

The church also has a Chapel of the Innocents where the babes of Bethlehem were massacred, and here, too, are the Tombs of St. Jerome, and of his two famous female disciples, Paula and Eustachia. The grotto is also shown where the Saint lived so many years with his lion, and where he made the Vulgate translation of the Bible in Latin.

When we came out into the sunshine, we were besieged by an army of venders. Rosaries of mother-of-pearl, beautifully carved pearl baptismal shells, olive wood crucifixes and Dead Sea stones were thrust before our eyes and in self defense, we bought.

The field of the Shepherds where the "Angels sang," is near, and the field where Boaz met Ruth. Not far away is the Milk Grotto, white as snow from one drop of the Virgin's milk (and added to by white-wash), where may be seen women weeping and supplicating for the preservation or return of their infants' sustenance. All these we saw, and then we wandered back through those fascinating, dirty, twisting little streets, peeping here, peering there and snooping everywhere.

In one open doorway, we saw a "woman grinding at the mill." She was grinding lentils with the old

primitive mill stones like those the Virgin may have used, and she wore the tall white cap of the married women of Bethlehem. We went into the house at her kind invitation which she expressed by signs. It was clean and tidy, and down some steps, was the stable in which an ox and an ass munched at a manger exactly like the one in which the young Child lay.

We needed but little imagination to see again the sweet face of the young Mother, shining with wonderful light as She bent above the Child, to see the kneeling forms of the Wise Men spreading their offerings of gold and frankincense and myrrh before the Manger. We even seemed to hear the Heavenly Voices singing together,

"Peace on Earth, good will to men!"

as they sang so long ago to the humble shepherds. And then we opened our eyes once more today, and left the kindly, smiling woman to grind again at her mill.

We peeped into tiny shops where they were making mother-of-pearl articles,— for this is the main industry of the place,— we peered into shops where they were embroidering those wonderful linen gowns they wear, and then we got into our carriages again, and rattled back to Jerusalem.

We went to tea with an English lady who has lived in the Holy Land for many years, and it was such a wonderfully unusual sort of a tea, that I am going to slip in a description of it here, a bright warm spot among the stones.

Her house is the typical Eastern house, and the many servants all wear the bag trousers and the fez according to the Eastern fashion. One man ushered

us in, another brought a tray holding a glass of water, two pots of very rich and very sweet preserves, spoons, an empty glass and a small dish of that powdery paste called Turkish Delight.

Our hostess told us this was the customary collation in all Turkish houses, and that we were supposed first to take a mouthful of preserves, leave the spoon in the empty glass, drink a glass of water, and then eat a piece of Turkish Delight, and then with a word of salutation to the servant, (I forget the magic word now, though I believe I got it out very fluently then), let the tray pass. It was delicious, and very different; but afterwards we had real tea and real cakes, and they were better. We were also served native wedding cakes, funny little short dough pies, filled with sugar, nuts and raisins, and so crumbly it was an art to eat them. Altogether it was a most charming and delightful afternoon.

Then early one morning we left Jerusalem,— Jerusalem with all its wonderful memories, its poverty, its dirt and its beggars,— put it away again between the pages of our Bibles, and started back to noisy, dirty Jaffa, where with the luck that had followed us, we found a calm sea, so that we could reach our ship that lay a mile away, and looked so very, very homelike and comfortable to us.

But the farther we sailed away from Jerusalem the Golden, the farther we will sail, as the days go by, the more golden does the memory come to us, the memory of a city built upon a hill, a city out of which has come the Truth to go thundering down the ages; a city whose walls have echoed to the Voices of the Messiah Himself, of His Disciples, of the Prophets,

and of men whose aim and ambition was to win it back again to those for whom He came to earth.

David has walked these streets, Solomon's glory shone upon its walls. Here Richard Coeur-de-Lion swung his mighty battle-ax, and the great Saladin flung aloft the flag of Islam. Under these walls, Peter the Hermit came with that mob of knights and adventurers, eager to win back the Golden City to the followers of Christ. Here Godfrey Boillon fought, and earlier, Constantine and his mother Helena built and enriched churches. Here the very Bible began, and greatest of all honors, here, or near here the Word was made Flesh!

Surely the stones of Palestine, gaunt and gray and grim though they are, have many, many tales to tell.


MANZ
CHICAGO